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W. 3

TRYAL OF SKILL

Between a *Trial*
Court LORD, and a *Twickenham* 'SQUIRE

Inscrib'd to Mr. P O P E.

*But can your Arm a Weapon lift,
To battle P---ney, P---pe, or S---ft?
In an ill Hour the Task you chose,
Bep---s'd in Rhime, be---it in Prose:
'Tis Act the Second of the Farce,
Just as you duell'd, you write Verse;
A vanquish'd Hero in the Field,
And on Parnassus forc'd to yield:
Let P---pe or P---ney be the Man,
You quit your Sword, or drop your Pen.*



L O N D O N:

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Green Door, in *Black and White* Court in the *Old Bailey*.

[Price One Shilling.]

M.DCC.XXXIV.

TRIAL OF SKILL

Between
Count LORD and a Lady

Published by M. P. O. F.

But can you find a W. among
To find the P. — — — — —
In an ill House the King's household
Beware of a Knight — — — — —
The King the Queen — — — — —
Just as you find — — — — —
A simple old House — — — — —
And on the wall — — — — —
The P. — — — — —
You can find — — — — —



Printed and sold by J. D. — — — — —
Greenwood in Black and White — — — — —
Price One Shilling

TRYAL of SKILL

Between a
Court Lord, and a Twickenham 'Squire.



Pretty, smock-fac'd, prattling *Boy*,
Mamma's Delight, and only Joy,
 Was, for *Improvement*, sent to School,
 That he might not be bred a *Fool*:
 But, ah! too oft' the growing Child,
 By Mother's *Tenderness*, is spoil'd.

WHEN She undress'd the *hopeful 'Squire*,
 Such was her *Love*, such her *Desire*;
 With Hand, well warm'd, she rubb'd his
 And swore by all the Demi-Gods,
 That he wou'd prove a *Man of Parts*,
 The *Maidens* teize, and win their *Hearts*;

A Play-thing to amuse the *Ladies*,

Spruce as are Milk-Maids on their *May-Days*.

Master was humour'd too, forsooth,

In every Thing, but telling *Truth*;

For *Truth* was then quite out of *Fashion*,

And, as it were, exil'd the Nation:

And since *He* was design'd for C----

(Tho' ne'er the *better Christian* for't)

'Twou'd be a Folly to revive

A *Fashion*, by which none could thrive.

SOON as *He* had been taught to read,

To say *His Prayers*, rehearse *His Creed*;

The *Ten Commandments* got by Heart,

And droll 'em out, not miss one Part.

A *Pack* of *Cards* his *Mamma* takes,

And to her Son these Words she speaks:

Qualifications still you need,

More than your *Prayers*, *Commandments*, *Creed*;

In some of These I will conduct you,

And take a Pleasure to instruct you.

To cut and shuffle with an Air,
 (No matter whether foul or fair)
 To deal the Cards you first must learn,
 That Lords and Ladies may discern
 With what Dexterity you do it ---
 Besure you take great Pains to shew it;
 For, let me tell my little Rogue,
 These Things are now in greatest Vogue.

You then must play at *Loo*, *Picquet*,
 At *Ombre*, and must learn *Basset* :
 In each Day set apart an Hour,
 To play at *Put*, and eke *All Four* ;
 For tho' these Games grow now too common,
 Yet still they will divert a *Woman*.
 Be Master of *My Lady's-Hole*,
 If thither 'tis your Lot to strole,
 When once you have began to *Sip* *,
 'Twill be like *Honey* on your Lip.

* *Sipping*, or the Word *Sip*, is used when the Person wants but one Moveal to get
 into *My Lady's-Hole*.

A Progress soon he made in all,
 Gaming to him was natural,
 He claim'd it by a Right Infernal,
 But most Men say, by Right Maternal;
 And as it was Hereditary,
 He cou'd not possibly miscarry.
 His Mother wou'd, Historians say,
 To make a Third on any Day,
 From Heaven to Hell most gladly strole,
 Betray her Maker for a Vole;
 With Pleasure spend, by her good Will,
 Each Sabbath-Evening at *Quadrille*.
 She from the *Lidians* claim'd Descent,
 The *Lidians* Gaming did invent,
 Not out of Avarice, or Lucre,
 (*Lidia* no Cause gave to rebuke her,)
 But to divert the Time that lasted,
 For every other Day they fasted;
 Provisions then were very scant,
 Of every Thing they stood in Want.

Thus

Thus they for Twenty-Eight long Years,
 As by Historians it appears,
 Their City gallantly defended,
 By none, except the Gods, befriended:
 Compell'd their Foes the Siege to raise,
 And gain'd an Universal Praise.

But to return from this Digression,
 Of which I make a plain Confession,
 Mamma now takes her Son to School,
 To learn each tedious Grammar-Rule;
 And thus the Doctor she address'd
 In Words, which well may be express'd.

Doctor, I bring my Son to you,
 That he his Studies may pursue;
 At all Times he has humour'd been,
 As by his Face, Sir, may be seen;
 You must not whip him, he's so mild -----
 Then spare the Rod, and spoil the Child.
 The Doctor said: *Mamma* reply'd,
 No matter, Sir, you must not chide,

Nor vex my *sprightly, darling Boy*,
Mamma's Delight, her chiefest Joy:
 His Skin is *smooth*, his Body *tender*,
 In Shape, like any *Lady, slender*.
 I'd have him taught but just as much, Man,
 As will demonstrate he's no *Dutchman*.
 He shall not for the *Gown* be bred,
Learning, perhaps, may *turn his Head*:
 And, if I take a *Gipsy's Word*,
 My Son, in time, will be a Lord.

In twice *Six Years* he jabber'd *Greek*,
 Full as polite as *Pigs* do squeak:
 When *laugh'd at* by the other Boys,
 Then wou'd he *whine*, and make a Noise;
 Roar out, and bellow like a Bull,
 So loud, you'd think 'twou'd crack his Scull:
 But some arch Wags, who lov'd a Joke,
 Said, 'Twas too *solid* to be broke.

By this Time he cou'd speak some *French*,
 With which he plagu'd each *silly Wench*;
 Cou'd

Cou'd hobble in a *Country-Dance*,
 Nimble, as *Hobby-Horses* prance ;
 Besides, the Youth was taught to *fence*,
 And all at *Mamma's Own Expence*.

To *Classicks* soon he bid *Defiance*,
 And highly prais'd *Jack and the Giants* ;
 But to the Sky his Eyes wou'd lift,
 When e'er he read *Tom Hickathrift* ;
 Was pleas'd with *Valentine and Orson*,
 And swore the latter was no Whore's Son ;
Tom Thumb was always his Delight,
 All these he studied Day and Night.

Oft as he came among the *Maids*,
 He made good Pastime for the Jades ;
 He *danc'd*, and *fenc'd*, his Parts to shew,
 And let 'em see what he could do :
 So awkwardly he ap'd the *Satire*,
 That they could scarce contain their Water :
 But when they stroak'd his blooming Face,
 He on their Breasts his Hand-wou'd place ;

And look as fierce as any Lion,
 Yet gently squeez'd those *Hills of SION*;
 Which rais'd in him a *strong Emotion*,
 But brought 'em not to his Devotion.
 They guess'd what 'twas he wou'd be at,
 The Valley of *Jehosophat*:
 Wanton he was as any *Jew*,
 Which, by his Actions, well they knew;
 But still they kept him at a Distance,
 Sure they were *Whigs*, by their Resistance.

The *Strippling* now must go to *College*,
 To gain, if possible, some *Knowledge*;
Logick he ne'er cou'd learn to chop,
 But he commenc'd, on sudden, *Fop*;
 He roll'd his Stockings by a *Glass*,
 And was, in human Shape, an *Afs*:
 Prov'd disobedient to his *Tutor*,
 But to each *Belle* an humble Suitor:
 Recall'd from thence, he quits his *Gown*,
 And joyfully does post to *Town*.

He bids Adieu to *Greek* and *Latin*,
 And shines in rich *Brocade* and *Satin*;
 To *B---r---y* next he did repair,
 To shew himself among the Fair,
B---r---y, the *English Montpellier*:
 Among the *Belles* a Wit commences,
 And writes as if *he lost his Senses*;
 The blooming *Spring* excites his Muse,
 And who cou'd such a Theme refuse?
 Profess'd himself a gen'ral Lover,
 And all his Foibles did discover.

Having arriv'd to *Twenty-One*,
 Not *Manhood*, that we must postpone,
 And weary grown of single Life,
Mamma provided him a Wife;
 Too good she was; the am'rous Elf
 Soon got a *Play-thing* for himself:
 Pleas'd, as young Children with their *Dolls*,
 Now on his Couch whole Days he lolls;

Daudles the *Babe* with awkward Grace,
And fwears it has the *Daddy's Face*.

And now, in Hopes to raife his Name,
Honour acquire, and purchase Fame,
He to St. *Ja*——'s does repair,
To breathe the C——t's falubrious Air;
Is made the Jest, the Ridicule
Of every white Tooth'd, sneering Fool.
With aching Heart, this precious Jewel,
To shew his Manhood, fights a Duél.

As *Hebrew*-Roots are often found
To flourish best in barren Ground;
This Wou'd-be *Something* now indites
Verses, forsooth, the *Witling* writes,
Verses, right honourably Dull,
The Product of his barren Scull.

With a capricious, thoughtless Head,
By Malice, not by Reason, led,

The Prince of Poets * he arraigns,

To manifest his shatter'd Brains.

But on the Head-Piece of this Book

Whoever does sedately look,

May see the Novice's Disaster;

The Poet galls the Poetafter.

If *Satire* he his Option made,

Or for his Pleasure, or a Trade,

Why cou'd he not have us'd his Pen

To lash corrupted G-----ymen,

Who, *Judas* like, will turn their Coats,

Will pawn their *Souls*, and sell their *Votes*!

Perjure *Themselves* for ready *Rhino*,

For such their Case is, You and I know:

Describe a Love-sick Maiden's Heart,

The smarting Pleasure, pleasing Smart:

Shew with what Eagerness she pants,

And sighs for what she greatly wants;

Or tell if Fortune for a while

Does her Desire and Hopes beguile;

* Mr. P——P E.

How she resents it in great Dudgeon,
 And frets, like any old Curmudgeon?
 Cou'd he not say who takes the *Nipple*?
 Who swears politest? who does tipple?
 Pourtray the forward, buxom Lass,
 Who for a Maiden still does pass;
 Tho' she for sev'ral Morns did puke,
 Occasion'd by a certain -----
 Innumerable were her Throws,
 But a young Bantling eas'd her Woes.
 Or name the *Maidens Six*, so quick,
 Who play'd the good old-fashion'd Trick,
 Of Jack leap'd o'er the *Candle-stick*;
 Point out the *Two*, that burn'd their *Ruffs*,
 And who had got the softest *Muffs*.

Or cou'd he not display those Souls,
 Whom boundless Avarice controuls?
 Those *Caterpillers*, who destroy
 The Fruits which all Men shou'd enjoy?

In

In proper Colours paint the Man,

The Emblem of *Leviathan*?

Whom, lest they lose their daily Bread,

Some do adore, and others dread :

But mark him well, for in the End

He will not find one real Friend :

A Tyrant, with unbounded Power,

Clumsey in Mein, in Visage four.

Thus were the *Indians* once so civil,

To pay their Rev'rence to the Devil ;

Zealous indeed they did appear,

Not out of *Love*, but out of *Fear* ;

But when they were instructed better,

They counted him a mere dead Letter ;

No more his Name they did invoke,

But turn'd their *Folly* to a *Joke*.

Such Tasks he knew wou'd prove too hard,

And Censure be his sole Reward ;

He therefore wou'd not take the Pains,

Lest it might break his *Cobweb Brains*.

'Tis

'Tis true, his Face is clear and ruddy,
 But all his Thoughts are foul and muddy;
 For this same whiffling, prating *Don*
 Makes *Puddle-Dock* his *Helicon*;
 And *Addle-Hill* is his *Parnassus*,
 But let such trifling Truths now pass us:
 And so, Adieu, my dear L—— *Bessus*,
*Nam rescribendo sum defessus**

* I am weary with writing an Answer.



F A N I S.

